

Daily Eagle

PRINCESS OF BEARS.

Serban sat dreaming behind the house on a bench over which the lilacs formed a canopy, filling the air with their fresh perfume. The house was a fine building, with white walls and a roof covered with red tiles. It belonged to Serban's mother, the widow Lepkowitz, and was situated in the Galician suburb of Zukoff, not far from the custom house and close to the woods.

Dame Lepkowitz was a rich woman, about 40 years of age, whom every one esteemed and feared. They esteemed her because since the death of her husband she had alone administered the property and its dependencies, and besides, carried on a small trade in hallow and wood. They were seized with fear when they saw her great gray eyes and heard her voice, rasping and harsh as a saw being separated by a file.

Not being able to read or write, she sent her son to school when quite young. Serban read to her the books and papers, for this woman, who could not decipher a letter, had a burning desire to know all that transpired in Vienna, in Paris, and in the distant countries. She loved Serban as a mother loves her only child, but she took good care not to let him know it. Was it not enough that from morning till night she thought and worked for his benefit?

Serban was a dreamer. The only thing that gave him any pleasure was his violin. His mother had bought this instrument for his amusement, as she thought her son was fond of playing to himself alone and gave himself up to gloomy thoughts.

The people in the neighborhood were of an entirely different opinion of him. They thought him ill, and not one of them would have given two groshen-francs for his life.

Dame Lepkowitz was far from mistaking that he needed a hand to nurse him, and that that hand should be a woman's hand. For the moment it was the hand of his mother, but later it would be that of another, of which, when so disposed, he could control—that was certain. He ought, like a child, to pass from one hand to another, but it was a difficult affair to bring about, as he did not appear to please with his girlish face and blonde, curly hair, and he seemed to have a dislike of any one who wore long hair and flowing robes.

When a beautiful young girl appeared before him, or a sweet voice called him, he was inclined to run away.

He did not go to the tavern or to balls, was never seen at the fountain nor at the night watches of the spinnars, the favorite resorts of the young people. None of these pleasures had any attraction for him. Consequently, his mother became anxious about him, especially when she saw him sitting, as now, like a prince charming bewitched by a fairy.

He had been there for some time, lost in thought, when suddenly a strange noise struck his ears and disturbed his meditations. A sound loud and sad at the same time seemed in the quiet of the evening to come from the market place, and to echo magically from the houses and the gardens. A sweet harmony ruled this noisy concert. Serban arose, and with the violin and bow in his hand followed slowly this melodic call. Crossing the large garden he found himself in the street which led to the market of Zukoff. There a compact crowd formed a circle; soldiers, Jews, servants, children and in the center a young girl of great beauty was making a large black bear dance.

While he turned slowly on his hind feet, letting escape every now and then a grunt of satisfaction, the young girl bent her tambourine, the dull noise of which, uniting with the ringing of bells, sent forth a regular sound, marked with melancholy chords.

The profile of the young girl, whose figure was so slender and straight, stood out superbly against the brilliant evening sky, like the portrait of a Byzantine saint in a frame of gold.

Her feet were covered with beautiful little red morocco boots. She wore a short, striped jacket; around her neck a collar of coral and silver, which fell on her embroidered chemise. Her chest was adorned gracefully with a necklace of pearls, and she wore an Oriental and romantic character.

Pieces of money fell from all sides. She cried out her thanks, and suddenly began to dance. She balanced herself voluptuously, went around the circle, skipping with the music and casting her glances among the spectators. Sometimes she bent her body with wonderful suppleness; sometimes she posed on the points of her toes, letting her head fall on her breast. All of her movements were executed with remarkable grace and without the slightest trace of coquetry.

Then she seized her whip and snapped it, and spoke in a commanding tone to the bear. The animal understood all of her signs, and acted with the blind obedience of a slave who loves and fears his mistress. He sat down and gave his paw; lay down, and the young girl walked in triumph over his wrinkled back; he bowed and shrugged as a clown, and then at a new signal he gave himself up to a sort of pantomime. To finish, he threw himself on the ground as if dead, and the young girl stretched herself out upon him, taking the position of a conqueror felling an enemy to the earth.

Serban stood there without moving, but did not take his eyes off the girl for a moment.

"Do not go near her," said a neighbor, Atias Mensch, the tailor. "I know her well; she is as arrogant as she is savage. She is called the princess of the bears. If I offer you any advice, it is to keep out of her way."

This warning came too late. As the girl advanced toward him to pick up the pieces of money which had fallen at his feet, it seemed to him that she suddenly snatched his heart away from him, and that she had hidden it under that magnificent embroidered chemise. Then, when she had replaced the collar on the bear's neck and quitted the place with him, Serban felt as if he also was attached to a magic chain and obliged to follow her against his will.

At the entrance of the forest, on the right, stands a wooden cross, where the girl stopped to rest and divide with her savage friend a piece of bread. She discovered that Serban was following her.

"What do you want of me?" "Nothing. I—I live near here."

"You are a musician?"

"No; my mother owns a house and garden in this quarter."

"What do you want, then?"

"I wish to follow you."

"Follow me! Are you crazy?" A chaste laugh slid sweetly over the lips of the beautiful child.

"And why not?" asked Serban, despondently.

"Because I forbid it."

"The road is free to all."

"I will make it that you will be obliged to return to your home."

"You cannot send away your shadow. I am your second shadow. I implore you not to be so cruel. I cannot do otherwise than follow you."

Serban looked at him with his great, dangerous eyes, but said nothing.

While she was eating he seated himself in a grassy spot close to her. When she had finished her meager repast he arose. She took the main route, and Serban, after considering a few moments, followed about a hundred steps behind her.

He followed her from farm to farm, from village to village. Whenever she stopped to light her bear dance, there he also stopped and admired her unceasingly. He rested at night wherever she took her rest, either under the roof of a countryman's hut or under the sky brilliant with stars. He quenched his thirst wherever she with her bear took their repast—today in a plummy wayside inn, tomorrow in among the stones of a ruined castle, or even in a ditch under a wild mountain ash.

He did not approach her except when he saw her in danger—when a drunken man made himself too familiar, when she found herself in a deserted place, or when in the night he discovered the bright eyes of a wolf. Once, during a violent storm, when she took refuge under the willow by a brook, Serban having placed himself not far from her, under a nut tree, she again addressed him:

"What is your name?"

"Serban; and Lepkowitz is my surname."

"What is your name?"

"Cecilia is my name."

"You are not from our country?"

"No."

"Where do you come from?"

"From the mountains over yonder, near the Hungarian frontier."

He asked nothing more, but began to observe her. He could not sufficiently admire this adorable creature, whose innocent face was lighted by two great, and eyes, which peered from beneath her magnificent hair.

"But why do you follow me so? If it is a joke, I think it has lasted too long."

"No, the contrary, it is a serious matter."

"I beg of you to return," said she sweetly. Serban shook his head.

"You will not?"

"I will not."

"And if I command you to do so?" Saying this she got up and walked majestically toward him. Will you listen to me?"

"No."

"Serban, do not make me angry with you. I have conquered my bear, and I am likely to be able to get the better of your obstinate infatuation."

"I beg of you, Cecilia, do not send me back."

"The poor boy had partly risen, so that he found himself on his knees before her, regarding her with supplicating eyes. She came towards him, but was silent. Suddenly a smile spread itself over her fine face."

"Remain, then, but, like Ivanok, my bear, you will have to perform."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I will show you at once." She quickly took the chain from the bear's neck and put it on Serban. "Come, now," she cried, "give attention, for if you do not work well you will have nothing to eat, and if you are disobedient I shall punish you. Forward!"

Serban got up.

"Dance, my bear, dance!"

She commenced beating the tambourine and the young man began to dance, both of them leaping like two single children.

Meanwhile the bear had advanced towards them, and was looking much astonished.

Cecilia, in her innocent happiness, did not stop snapping her whip. "Come on, Ivanok, come on, my friend, if it pleases you. Hop! hop!"

The animal stood up on his hind feet and acted as if he was going to throw himself on his young mistress. Serban, misunderstanding this declaration of friendship, and fearing that Cecilia was in danger, placed himself in front of her to protect her.

Ivanok stepped up to his ears, gave a low growl, and taking Serban, who still held his fiddle bow in his hand, unfortunately, and threatened the bear with it, unawares, jumped upon him and seized him in his paws. The young girl cried with all her strength at the sight, and beat him with her whip till she even had Serban, whose blood was already covering the grass, and the young man, pale to his lips, sank to the ground at Cecilia's feet.

She looked at him in terror for a moment, and then threw herself upon him.

"Are you dead?" she murmured, shaking him violently.

No, he still breathed—his heart beat.

Cecilia at once regained her presence of mind. Taking from her pocket a small silk handkerchief, which she wore around her neck at night, she tore it in strips, dragged Serban to the edge of the brook, washed his wounds with cold water, and stopped the flow of blood, which was spreading profusely. Serban soon opened his eyes and looked at her with a smile.

She shot a bandage around his head over the wound, and after having fastened the bandage, she ran across the prairie and fields to the nearest village, which could be seen through the birch trees, and which attracted attention by the three golden cupolas of its Greek church.

When she returned she was accompanied by a Jew barber, who was also a professor of the healing art, and by two men carrying a litter.

After the wound was freshly dressed Serban was carried to the village, where Cecilia had engaged lodgings for herself and him at the barbers.

The wound was not dangerous, but poor Serban had a raging fever for more than a week. After that he convalesced rapidly, and another week had scarcely passed when he was able to leave his bed.

Cecilia, who had watched by him day and night, conducted him for the first time out of the house. He seated himself by her side, his face beaming with joy at once more being able to look upon nature in all its glory.

"Now that you are well," said Cecilia, without looking at him, "you must return to your mother, and I will go my road alone with my bear."

"Do you believe I will do that?" replied Serban, quickly. "No, no; I go with you, or you follow me."

"What are you thinking about?"

"I cannot live without you; no, I cannot!" Cecilia drew near the young man and fixed her great, beautiful eyes upon him.

"Why should I hide it from you?" said she, sincerely. "I also wish no man but you. But you are rich and I am a poor girl. What will the mother say? No, it cannot be; Serban; you do not speak seriously."

"Do you love me?"

"Yes."

"Then I ask for nothing more."

Serban stood up, for the first time he showed signs of energy. After he paid the barber, having still some money, he hired a carriage of the Jew and placed Cecilia and her bear in it. Then he started for Zukoff.

The mother who had believed her son lost, nearly fainted when she saw him again. As soon as she regained consciousness she said to Serban:

"Whom do you bring me there?"

"A bear and a dancer," he replied. "Will you have her for a daughter? She will become at once my wife; and if not I leave you to follow her and her bear."

"If she is a good girl."

"Yes."

"If she loves you and you love her, whether she be rich or poor, I give her my blessing." Cecilia became Serban's wife. The people of Zukoff admired at the change they saw in Serban, who all at once became another man, with bright eyes and joyful speech; a man, in one word, who pleased everybody. Only Atias, the tailor, was not surprised.

"What is more natural?" said he to every one he met; "he has taken a wife who can conquer wild beasts; why should she not conquer him? It is not in vain that she is called the Princess of the Bears."—From the North.

A New Vegetable is Introduced.

An entirely new vegetable is being introduced by a great French firm, which is exciting some interest. It is called chorogel and is a native of northern Africa. It belongs to the mint family botanical name *Stachys affinis*. Its fleshy roots or tubers only are eaten, dressed like string beans or fried like fritters, and are said also to make an excellent pickle. Whether it will become a useful vegetable and a desirable regular market crop in this country can only be determined by trial.—Boston Budget.

Retirement From the King Business.

King George, of Greece, has nearly finished a splendid palace at Copenhagen, and has saved enough money to give him a life income of \$125,000 a year, independent of any public position. And now he is only waiting for a good excuse to abdicate and retire permanently from the king business.—Foreign Letter.

GRAND CATHEDRALS.

THOSE AT BRUSSELS, ANTWERP, COLOGNE, AMIENS, STRASBURG.

The Cathedral at Brussels Pre-eminently Among Churches—Gorgeousness of the Antwerp Cathedral—Cologne's Magnificence—Interior of Amiens.

The cathedral of St. Michael and St. Gudule, at Brussels, claims an honorable position among the churches. The architecture is progressive in its character, presenting specimens of every style, from the twelfth to the sixteenth century. A portion of the choir and its aisles belong to the earlier of these dates. The remaining piers and arches and triforium and clerestory of the choir belong to the thirteenth century. The clerestory and sides of the nave are of later date, with flying tracery. The side chapels of the choir are rich thirteenth or early sixteenth century work, and the western towers are of elaborate fifteenth century work.

The cathedral of Amiens is unsurpassed in its gorgeousness. It is cruciform in plan, with seven aisles—an unusual arrangement. Those aisles are of irregular width, and their number, together with the numerous rows of piers and arches, give to the interior a striking effect, which is, however, much injured by coarse detail and whitewash. The cathedral has an area of 79,000 square feet, and is of curious proportions, being 170 feet in width inside the nave, while its length is but 500 feet. And the nave has four bays longer and the central aisle at least ten feet wider, taking the additional width out of the side aisles, the apparent size of the cathedral would have been greatly enhanced. Its details, though rich, are coarse and debased in character. Its great feature is its magnificent portal, with one finished tower, 406 feet in height, which was commenced in 1220, but not finished until 1518. It is more in appearance with the taste of the sixteenth century than in union with the original design.

Cologne cathedral, in north Germany, stands alone in dignity and grandeur; it is certainly one of the noblest temples ever erected by man to the honor of his creator. It was commenced in 1075-1077, and covers an area of 91,344 square feet, being 30,000 square feet larger than Amiens, making it the largest cathedral in northern Europe. By comparing Cologne cathedral with that of Amiens, it will be found that the eastern half of the former is an exact copy of the latter, not only in general character, but also in dimensions, the only difference being a few feet of additional length at Cologne; this is more than made up by the lady chapel at Amiens. The German cathedral has an additional bay in each transept, and two extra aisles in the nave, with the enormous substructure of the western towers. Its great defect is its want of length, emphasized by the height of the nave, which is 155 feet—four times the width. A regiment of cavalry riding through its nave would look like pigmies dwarfed by the 140 feet of space above them. The most striking feature is the western facade—only lately completed. The twin towers, surmounted by delicately wrought spires, rise to a height of 510 feet. This western facade is a grand conception. It equals in magnificence those designed for Strasbourg and Le Mans, while surpassing them in purity and excellence.

AMIENS, STRASBURG, ROTTERDAM.

The cathedral of Amiens (France) was commenced in the year 1220 and completed 1337. It was partially destroyed by fire in 1570, and the choir and all the upper portions were rebuilt. By 1672 the cathedral was complete in all its parts as we now find it. The cathedral covers an area of 112,000 square feet. In plan this cathedral seems to give us the typical form of the noblest type of Christian architecture. The vista through its long nave is one of the most beautiful in the world. It was erected in one consecutive period, and at a time when Gothic architecture had reached its highest point of excellence. On the exterior, as seen in elevation, the effect is marred by the smallness of the western towers in proportion to immense nave and choir. The northern tower is 226 feet in height, and the southern tower 205 feet. The roof of the nave is 38 feet, the central spire being only 422 feet. This want of proportion between the parts reduces the three spires to comparative insignificance. The interior effect is, however, one of the most beautiful in Europe.

Strasbourg cathedral takes rank next after Cologne among the German French churches. It is smaller than Amiens, covering an area of only 69,000 square feet. The plan is peculiar, the eastern end having formed part of an older basilica, built in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The nave and the west front are, however, the glory and boast of Alsace, and possess in a remarkable degree all the beauties and defects of the latter style. The nave was probably commenced in the early part of the thirteenth century, and seems to have been finished about 1255. The details are pure and beautiful and the design of singular boldness. The vaulted roof is 101 feet in height from the level of the nave, being in good proportion with the nave length, which is only 250 feet.

The Church of St. Lawrence, at Rotterdam, formerly the cathedral, is a cross church, the greater part of fourteenth century design, the details being terribly mutilated. The walls are of brick, with stone facings and window tracery. The piers and nave arches are also of stone. The present roof is a barrel vault of wood, having rough logs for the beams, with large brackets under the ends. Parts of the edifice have been restored. The tower presents some good features, with bold angle buttresses, and with triple recessed arches in two stages above the roof.—Building.

Cost of Elections in France.

Some accounts recently published with reference to the cost of elections in France show that the scrutiny de liste is an expensive luxury. It would have to pay for one single by-election—caused through the death or resignation of a member—something like \$12,000—supposing that London is twice as large as Paris. If one of the candidates did not receive a fourth of the number of registered votes, the process would have to be repeated, and the second ballot would cost as much as the first. The late election in Paris, caused by the resignation of M. Henri Rochefort, when he could not carry his political amnesty hobby, cost the town of Paris over \$5,000.

Under the scrutiny de liste, the whole electoral machinery has to be put in motion for one election. In 1876 under the scrutiny de liste, the elections in Paris cost 100,000 francs, or 4,000 francs per deputy.

Under the new system, when the deputies are elected on bloc, the election expenses come to 620,000 francs, or 51,000 francs for each deputy. The deputies elected under the new principle are in the fortunate or unfortunate position that they have no constituencies, and are therefore responsible to no one for their actions. The electors have discovered this, for recently, when the deputies of Paris were called to a meeting to give an account of their stewardship, only three or four obeyed the summons.—Foreign Letter.

Oregon Indians Fishing From Canoes.

At Yaquina bay, Ore., the fishing is done by Indians from canoes. They fish in about 125 feet of water, a mile and a half or so from the shore. They use no bait, but have the shank of their hooks covered with black tin, the glitter of which attracts the fish, and the hook does not reach the bottom, and it is seized by a fish. There are two Indians to each canoe, and at present five canoes are employed. The beauty of this system to the fish catching establishments is that there can be no great loss. If an Indian or a canoe goes down all that is necessary is to go up to the reservation and get another one.—Chicago Herald.

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